

The Street Car to Topo Chico.

Four miles above Monterey toward Topo Chico, uplifted from the dust and dead heat of the plain, lies the hacienda of Jose del Casa, the alcalde. His white home sits enshrined in a wilderness of green, encircled by 5,000 acres of vines and corn lands and billowing meadows that reach from edge to edge of the steep walled table fountain of which his estate is the crown and glory.

Patricia, his only child, 18, with sleek black eyes, hair like a stormcloud and the oval, luminous face of a Botticelli Madonna, had spent three years with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She had seen the boulevards and sniffed from afar the gallantry and gaiety of the French capital. Therefore she yearned and moped amid the desolate splendor of her Mexican home.

Have you ever seen the queer little street car line with its tandem of small brown mules that runs, or rather, creeps, between the Hotel Hidalgo, on the plaza in Monterey, down through the narrow streets, away across the dusty fields, where sage and cactus, dry and gray, cover the rising plateaus with desolate monotony; out past the beetling buttes of Casas Hacienda, which tower red and hot in the sun, to the uprising canyon that leads to Topo Chico, the boiling spring, the health giving waters in whose fountain pool Aztec and Indian, peon and patrician, have sought and found health for a thousand years? This Topo Chico is the terminus of the little narrow gauge street car line that starts in Monterey. Its single car, with open seats running across the width of it, are seldom crowded. In the morning a few tourists bound for the baths smoke and idle through the tedious trip, but in the evening, when the summer sun sinks behind the green, cool shoulders of Del Casa, the lone car is always empty except for the driver or an errant shepherd returning from market in Monterey.

It was at this time in the evening that Patricia chose for a little jaunt on that queer little street car. With ancient Madre Anselma, her nurse when she was a romping child, her governess, maid and duenna by turns as the girl grew to womanhood, Patricia would ramble down the long stone stairway and in the purple shadow of the roadside thicket wait for that empty car to come drowsing out of the haze. Anselma neither spoke nor understood English, and so it was her wont to sit in the rear seat while the beautiful Patricia, her mantilla now fallen from before her radiant face, would sit on the front seat near the driver and urge or bribe him to send the little mules galloping.

The driver was a great, yellow haired giant, with blue eyes and a laughing mouth. For Patricia he would speed his queer little team till the car swayed like a boat on running billows and her delighted laughter fell upon his willing ears like the music of tinkling mandolins. As for Anselma, so long as the car was empty but for themselves she was content to sit in the rear seat, black, motionless, but alert, smoking her cigarettes, as Mexican women must and wondering what Patricia could have said to the big, fair Gringo to make him drive his mules so fast, to make him smile so benignly.

Every summer evening till the chaparral lost its luster and the willows in the river bed began to scatter crackling leaves across the sands Patricia and her chaperon stole away to this clandestine frolic on the street car till it became the event of the gay child's days and a habit even with the withered woman who watched the harmless frolic.

One night as the blond American car driver was laughing and thrashing over the road with the laughing senorita at his elbow a horseman with his rifle presented loomed across the narrow road. The mules hesitated, stopped, backed up in their trace chains. The driver put down brake and ceased to smile. He seized the switch bar, bade Patricia lie down, faced the enemy.

"Money or your life?" commanded the outlaw in good English.

"You can have the box," roared the driver, "but if you rob the woman you must fight."

The robber dismounted, boarded the car, and while Patricia and the old woman looked on he smashed in the money box with the butt of his rifle and pocketed the few pitiful centavos that joggled in the bottom. If Patricia had left the car, or drawn up her lace mantilla, or even turned her face away, the robber might not have seen the diamond brooch glistening at her throat. But the sight was too much for him. The big American saw the flash of his eyes as he leveled his rifle, and at the same moment the switch bar swung above his head. The rifle cracked, the driver lurched over and fell in the dust by the road and the robber held out his hand to the woman.

"Give me the diamonds!" he belated.

She gave them without a word, then her watch and her ring, while the old woman, screaming like a harpy, clung to his rifle and cursed and prayed in incoherent Spanish. But the robber had no notion of harming them. He kicked the fallen driver as he ran toward his horse, and in another moment the clatter of hoof beats across the boulder strewn valley told them that he was gone.

It was nearly dusk now, and from the stairway a hundred yards off the voice of Jose del Casa could be heard calling Patricia. She paused a moment as she heard it, then leaped to the ground and bent over the insensible driver. With her small, brown hand she pushed away the yellow curls and bent her face low above his. For a moment old Anselma could have sworn that the girl was kissing his white face, but no, after all, she was only examining with tear wet eyes the facial signs

of returning life. Then she unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, fumbled beneath its folds and, snatching away a cluster of trinkets that hung about his neck, thrust them hastily into her corsage.

Then old Del Casa and two of his rancheros came up. The wounded man was placed on a bench in his car. The mules were hitched to the other end and one of the rancheros drove them back to Monterey.

"Senorita, mio muchacha, what did you take from the Gringo? What was that you snatched from his neck? Tell me, pretty one, you did not rob him?" Patricia's smile came struggling through her tears.

"No, no, Mother Anselma," she murmured; "not so bad as that, but had enough, too. You won't scold me, will you, mother?"

And she pulled from her bosom the poor car driver's cluster of trinkets. There were a little medal of the Virgin, a tiny amulet—the relic of Our Lady of Guadalupe—a silken scapular and a golden locket.

"Look, mother, and forgive me," said Patricia as she opened the locket and displayed a miniature portrait of herself. "I gave it to him myself. I was afraid they might find it, and so—so I robbed him of it."

"But you will not give it back, Patricia?" asked the scared and staring old woman.

"Yes, mother, I'll give it back to him, and more, too, mother. I'll give him that and more—everything—when he's well."

And old Anselma could only pray.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Chinese Mourning.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father or mother, or a wife, suppresses such intelligence and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect shall be punished with 60 blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but previous to the expiration of the term discards the mourning habit and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments or participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offense to 80 blows.

Whoever on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned suppresses the notice of it and omits to mourn shall be punished with 80 blows; if previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he shall be punished with 60 blows.

When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt or cousin, he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office and rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.—American Law Review.

How He Found Out.

He had been in town several days, had taken in pretty much all the places of interest and concluded that he would take a trip out on a Woodward avenue car. On the car which he boarded were several students from a stammering school. Two of them were sitting in front of him and were very much absorbed in an animated conversation, talking in that long drawn out, monotonous voice and beating time at every syllable with the hand. One was saying: "I—was—down—town—the—other—day—and—met—an—old friend!"

"Did you?" his friend answered in the same way.

Turning to a young man sitting next to him, the stranger inquired, "What sort of dum fools are those fellows?" when, much to his surprise, the young man straightened up and, getting his arm in action, only beating about 75 strokes a minute more than his friends were doing, said, "I am one—of those—dum—fools—myself."

The stranger nearly fell off his seat, and every one in the car was on in a moment. He pushed the button, got off at the first corner and waited for the next car, wondering what sort of people he had bumped up against.—Detroit Free Press.

Cause For Low Spirits.

See—You are very depressed. I didn't know you cared so much for your uncle.

He—I didn't, but I was the means of keeping him in an insane asylum the last year of his life, and now that he has left me all his money I've got to prove that he was of sound mind.—Exchange.

Stock Market Tips.

Does it ever occur to those who follow journalistic tips on the stock market that they are written by men who find it worth their while to follow an arduous and moderately remunerated profession and that therefore the tipster obviously cannot trust to his tips for a livelihood?

Is it conceivable that any one whose judgment of the movements of securities was sufficiently trustworthy to make even the majority of his shots bullseyes would waste his time by compiling paragraphs for newspapers? Would he not rather spend half an hour or so in the morning at the end of a telephone instructing his broker to buy and sell and devote the rest of his day to the graceful consumption of the boundless fortune that his knowledge and acumen would, ex hypothesi, inevitably provide?

And tips from stockbrokers come under the same suspicion, for it is not reasonable to suppose that one who really had tips worth following in his possession would utilize them as baits for clients who reward his efforts with

a beggarly half crown per cent.—Corn-hill.

Deer Live to a Great Age.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the highland adage?

Twice the age of a dog is that of a horse, Twice the age of a horse is that of a man, Twice the age of a man is that of a deer, Twice the age of a deer is that of an eagle, Twice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 200 years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Captain McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1770, aged 86 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Tieg for 50 years, his father for a like period before him and his grandfather for 60 years before him. So in 1826 MacDonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen-MacLellan-Og, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number.—Chambers' Journal.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree."

The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.

The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.—Youth's Companion.

Banks Ready For Emergencies.

To meet sudden and unexpected demands upon banks a large sum is kept ready for use. The average large bank—say with total assets of \$20,000,000—is prepared by four lines of defense to resist sudden attack. In the vault or safe about \$500,000 of bank bills is always on hand, back of that is a cash reserve of perhaps \$1,500,000 deposited in various business banks subject to instant call, back of that again is perhaps \$8,000,000 in United States and other gilt edged securities immediately marketable, and the fourth and last line of defense and to be retired upon only in extreme distress is \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 in bonds and mortgages, on which the mortgagors will be hurriedly called to make a payment on account if the bank is pushed to extremities. With such resources disaster would seem impossible, though it has come to the best fortified institutions.—Bookkeeper.

Monument to a Pig.

No stranger monument ever existed than that which was erected at the Hotel de Ville by the inhabitants of Luneburg, in Hanover, in honor of a pig. This, which took the form of a kind of mausoleum, contained a large glass case in which was hermetically inclosed a fine ham cut from the animal whose memory was to be handed down to posterity. Above was a handsome slab of marble, on which, engraved in letters of gold, was the following inscription in Latin: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, orange, raspberry and strawberry. At your grocers, 10 cents.

Amateur Photography

used to be a matter full of difficulty. There used to be trouble in getting good outfits and supplies—also in making good pictures—also about prices. It

IS DIFFERENT NOW.

We keep a large line of supplies and it is constantly increasing. Cameras of different makes, for different likes. We always have paper, plates, developers and chemicals of various kinds.

No trouble about making pictures. Cameras are simple, and easy to operate. We tell you how. If you have trouble, we will gladly try and help you out.

Least of all is the trouble about prices. We sell cameras as low as \$3.00. Better ones cost more, up to as much as you care to pay. Come in, any time.

BINGHAM'S DRUG STORE.

What is a Belgian Hare.

Specific information as to the origin of the Belgian Hare is indeed much wrapped in doubt and obscurity. Primarily, it is supposed to have originated in Belgium and from there introduced into England. Some forty years ago, if we are to believe the statements of Ernest Wilkins in his admirable work on the Belgian hare, a race of tame rabbits arose in that country much resembling the wild hare of England. These were first known as "Leporines." Since their introduction into England, to quote from Mr. Wilkins' book directly, they have been bred continuously, but with two distinct and different objects, namely: in the one for size, and in the other to develop a rabbit of the form, color and fur of the wild hare. The large race has been called "Patagonian," but is now recognized in a different type as the Flemish Giant. The former has been named the Belgian hare. Of course the race has been greatly improved by careful breeding and selection since those early days, and as a result of this we now have many magnificent specimens.

We learn from Dr. Barham of England that early Belgians doubtless were bred from imperfect specimens imported from Belgium. In 1885 Mr. Salter, another English authority, was of the opinion that the breeding of fancy varieties of domestic animals has done much to interest and instruct men of science. As regards rabbits, one curious result has been the production by careful selection of a race which approaches in external configuration and color Lepus timidus. From such beginnings in many ways, under diverse conditions, and in the hands of many breeders the Belgian hare as we see it today has evolved. Belgians have been bred in this country for a number of years. I believe a Mr. Hughes, of Albany, New York, bred them years ago; other pet stock fanciers in New England, the Middle States, and even in the west, have bred hares off and on for the past twenty years; but the economic importance of Belgian hare culture never attracted wide attention until a number of breeders in Colorado took hold of it and exploited its value from a meat-producing and pet stock point of view. That was some four years ago. Closely following in the lead of Colorado breeders, Southern California suddenly came to the fore as a champion of this sleek little animal.

HOW LONG WILL THE BUSINESS LAST? That is a question many are asking. We answer: FOOD, CLOTHING, AND SHELTER ARE ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES, rating in value in the order named, in temperate zones. No industry properly located and conducted on business principles, supplying either of these necessities, can cease to be profitable.

The Belgian hare supplies the first and most important of these requirements as no other animal can. Its flesh can be produced for much less per pound than pork, beef, mutton, or poultry, and compares with them in nutritive value as follows: Pork yields 75 per cent of nutriment. Beef, 55 per cent. Mutton, 65 per cent. Chicken, 50 per cent. Belgian hare, 83 per cent. And it is so easily digested that physicians prescribe it for fever patients, old and feeble persons; consumptives, etc.

Belgian meat commands in the open market, where its desirable qualities are known, three times the price of round hog, twice as much as beef by the side, double the price of mutton, a third more than chicken, equals the price of turkey, and is vastly superior from every standpoint to either.

Paint Your Buggy for 75c.

with Devor's Gloss Carriage Paint. It weighs 3 to 8 ozs. more to the pint than others, wears longer; and gives a gloss equal to new work. Sold by Flint Bros.

NO APPETITE.

Want of appetite means bad digestion, biliousness, jaundice, foul stomach, sick headache, constipation, and a general breaking down of the system.

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are guaranteed by every druggist in the United States to cure these diseases or money refunded.

Why take the risk of ill health when a sure remedy is so easily procured. Sold everywhere, in liquid or tablets, at 25 cents per bottle or box.

DANIEL DONLEY

HAS FITTED UP THE Clement Shop, Barnet, and is now prepared to turn out first-class work in

Carriage Building, Repairing and Painting.

He has severed his connection with the BARNET WAGON CO.



and all malignant blood diseases cured by absorption. No Knife or Plaster. Home Treatment. Book and letter of advice free. T. M. CLARKE, M.D., Besse Place, Springfield, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE.

Containing 130 acres, situated one mile west from Ryegate Corner. A grand farm and beautiful location.

Mrs. EMILY G. MILLER, Ryegate, Vt.

TO PACIFIC COAST Without Change. One way excursions in modern, comfortable, upholstered tourist cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway. For full information call on or address H. J. COLVIN, 127 Washington Street, Boston.

The Nicaragua Canal.

Before leaving for a visit to London the other day Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador to the United States, made a significant statement touching the Nicaragua canal. He said:

When I return to the United States at the end of October, I hope to take with me a Nicaragua treaty that will meet the views of both President McKinley and the British cabinet. It goes without saying that the president has made himself cognizant of the opinions of the senate and of the secretary of state. There is no use waiting time over treaties which the senate is likely to refuse. I really believe the differences of opinion between the two nations are capable of settlement in an agreement fair to both.

While many leading American statesmen, past and present, contend that the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty cannot rightly be imposed as a bar to our building and operation of an isthmian waterway in such manner as may be agreed upon between ourselves and the Central American states through which it will pass, it is, on the whole, better to have England's acquiescence in such annulment or abrogation of the old and practically inoperative treaty as to remove any shadow of cloud upon our right to construct, operate, control and fortify, if we so desire, the Nicaragua canal.

Handy With His Tongue Too.

The following was a speech by a successful competitor for the prize of a foot race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs. I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."—Evening Wisconsin.



When You Eat

Do you have a feeling of undue fullness in the stomach, belchings, or sour or bitter risings? These are but a few of the symptoms of the diseased stomach. The worst thing which can be done for the stomach in such a case is to take some tablet or powder which merely gives temporary relief from discomfort. The best thing to do is to begin the cure of the disease by beginning the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It makes the "weak" stomach strong, and puts the body in a condition of vigorous health.

"I was troubled a long time with dyspepsia, torpid liver, and constipation," writes Mrs. Julia E. Deal, of Oswego, Ireland, Co., N. C. "Could scarcely eat anything at all, would have attacks of pain something like colic, and sometimes it seemed as though I could not live. I wrote to Dr. N. V. Pierce stating my condition, and in a few days received a kind letter of advice, telling me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took four bottles, and one vial of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and now I can eat anything I want and it doesn't hurt me. I have not been in bed a day since I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I have not since felt any symptoms of disease. I have not taken any medicine in twelve months."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

PASSUMPSIC SAVINGS BANK

Main Street, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.



No time like the present to begin to save money. Times were never better. No possible excuse for a man or woman to claim they are not able to lay aside a little money each week or month. Our office hours are 8.30 to 3 p.m. Saturdays and 7th of month 7 to 8 p.m.

Door and Window. Piazza Work and Door Hoods.

Come in and see me if you think of building a piazza. Perhaps I can give you an idea, if not it don't cost anything to talk it over.

E. E. GALER, Concord Avenue, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.



Kendall's Spavin Cure is the only home remedy that has stood out with special prominence all these years. Cures Spavin, Rheumatism, Sprains, Cuts and all Lameness. \$1 a bottle for \$2. All druggists. Unsolicited for family use. Book "A Treatise on the Spavin" free. Address Dr. S. J. Kendall, Co., Keosauqua Falls, Vt.



In Case of Fire

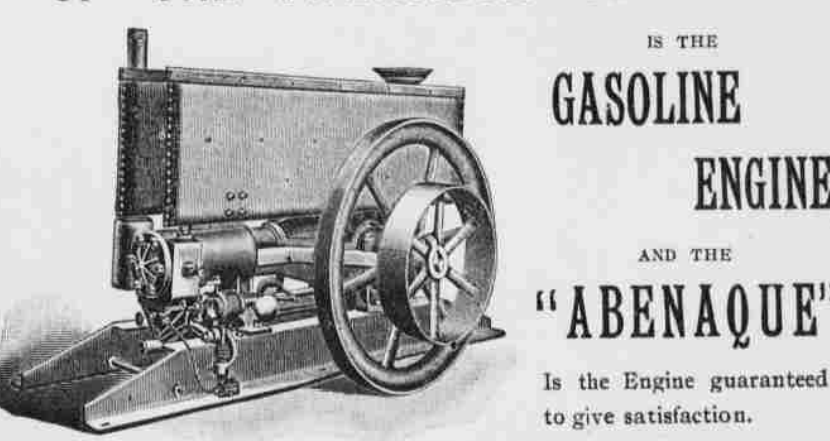
a house covered with MF Roofing Tin is safe from the dangers of flying sparks and brands. Shingles invite conflagration; slate and tile add the danger of crushing weight when the walls weaken; MF tin affords complete protection and a light-weight covering to the house—and it lasts much longer than any other form of roofing.

MF Roofing Tin

is made by the old-style hand process; has the heaviest and richest coating of pure tin and new lead, by means of clarified Lagos palm oil. MF roofing has lasted 50 years on many houses—and will keep your house sound 50 years.

This trade mark is stamped on every sheet of the genuine. Ask your roofer for MF—or write (W. C. CRONMEYER, Agent, to C. C. Cronmeyer, Pittsburg, for illustrated book on roofs and roofing. AMERICAN TIN PLATE COMPANY, Battery Park, New York.

THE POWER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY



IS THE GASOLINE ENGINE, AND THE "ABENAQUE" Is the Engine guaranteed to give satisfaction.

The five Horse Power is constructed for farm work, is manufactured in Vermont, which will enable us to fill orders in the state promptly.

O. V. HOOKER & SON, St. Johnsbury, Vt.



Catering A Specialty. Ice Cream and Sherbets from a quart up to 100 gallons. WEDDING CAKES.

CRAWFORD RANNEY

Insurance and Real Estate.

This is the oldest insurance agency in St. Johnsbury and still represents the leading companies which have made it what it is to its patrons in its prompt and satisfactory settlement with them when they have had a loss. It not only represents stock companies, but some of the leading Massachusetts Mutuals which pay dividends of 20, 40 and 60 per cent. on 1, 3 and 5 year policies respectively, also the Mutual of this State. You see that we can give you all classes of insurance in the very best of companies, but remember that when someone pretends to give you something for nothing, even in fire insurance, there is a screw loose somewhere. If in need of village residence, or a farm or lot upon which to build either a residence or summer cottage, call on us and we shall be pleased to show you anything in our line.

RANNEY'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Pythian Building, Eastern Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vermont

The only Agency in Vermont for the

GLOBE WERNICKE "ELASTIC" BOOK CASES.

A complete line and large stock of these celebrated Book Cases at STANLEY'S FURNITURE ROOMS.

A Booklet containing full information for ordering and description of cases, with prices, furnished on application.

C. A. STANLEY, St. Johnsbury.

BEVELED MATS

Cut to order out of any of our Photo Mounts. 30 x 40 for the large mats.

All the Latest Shades for Sale at this office.